

Born in the city of
Genoa, Italy, this Italian came
to the U.S.A. some 15 years
ago. They In company with
two came his brother. They
worked on odd jobs in Italy on
building highways and other
hard labor on very low wages.
Both of them were married
and have now. One having
4 children and the other 3.
They lived of course in the
peaceful way in Italy and
were content with their
surroundings. However, when
they received information from
their countrymen who were
already here, of the good wages
being paid in the U.S.A.
They lived economically there
for a few years in order to
accumulate enough transportation
money and then sailed for
the land of opportunity.
Landing in New York
they immediately set out
working their way to Calif.
where they settled on a
vineyard Ranch near Fresno.
Soon they had enough money
accumulated to make a down
payment on a small Ranch.
One of the brothers
decided, that their way was
money to be made in the large city

— Italian —

and set out to one of the large City's of Calif.

He found immediately that he was needed there and having done hard work all his life, joined a Garbage Company. His brother remained on the Ranch, who did not so well in the first years, but is doing very good these days and is very happy.

This garbage Company soon found they had the real man, and so they assigned a part of the City under his own responsibility.

Today this man is doing surprisingly well, as his income is about 250 to \$300 per month. He now owns a nice home in the residential district, however he don't live there, as he occupies with his family of 5 a house which he rents for \$35. His residential house rents him more than twice the amount as he is paying himself making therefore that his house do not cost him any rent. Their living cost is rather high in the food part as they eat most of imported food from Italy. Under the circumstances however, this man and his family are very happy here and are fine citizens.

— Italian —

They have made a very good success, as to show one of his daughters going to get married next week and the occasion will cost around \$1500, of which they have the cash money in the bank. This is proof of their economical way of living and saving, but we must not forget the fact that this man work hard for what he earns but as far as the writer sees it, he deserves it.

They will go on living happily in this land of opportunity. Their daughter being married next week also to a Italian, who has also chosen the same profession as her father therefore another hard working man, who will earn good money and will add a very good citizen to this country.

Ed. Laurist.

Italian.

L554

Genoa, Italy, is historically a famous city, in that it was here that Christopher Columbus was born. One of the largest ports of the Mediterranean, it is equally as picturesque and colorful.

M.Quariglia was born on a small farm on the outskirts of the city, sufficiently large to produce a living for the small family of three girls and one boy. Mario was ten years of age when his father died, leaving his family to the care of the farm as best they could. A struggle it was, no doubt from all accounts, but it did not last for long, as the mother died when Mario was fifteen and a few years later the farm was sold and Mario departed for America. Here, he had friends, who had written him from time to time relating the many possibilities to be had here.

It was in the summer of nineteen -hundred and ten that he arrived in San Francisco, having traveled across the Atlantic to New York City, thence across the continent to California. His friends helped him to obtain work and as the years rolled by, he saved sufficient to eventually establish himself in a business of his own, namely, shoeshoe repairing, at which business he is still engaged.

Mario is now a citizen and happily married. He related to me that a year ago he visited Genoa and after a lengthy stay in the old home town, decided that United States was the best place in which to reside permanently.

ITALIAN

L 5-56

This man was contacted as he came from Judge Schonfeld's courtroom, after he had been released for lack of evidence on a thousand-dollar vagrancy charge. We had been in the same outfit in France and this was the first time I had seen him since he had been discharged from the Army. We went down to Kearny Street and he called a taxi-cab to drive us to his cafe in North Beach. He operates one of the finest cafes in the City. Following is his story.

"My parents brought me to San Francisco from Italy when I was a small boy. My father went into the fishing business with an uncle, who had been in San Francisco for many years. My father prospered in the business. Both my sisters have been educated in convents. One brother is a graduate from the law school at Georgetown University and is a member of a law firm in Los Angeles. The other brother graduated from the University of California and is in business with me."

"I went into bootlegging when I came out of the Army and I made pretty good at it. I lost heavily in Bank of Italy stock, but I did not let that get me down. I opened another joint. Five more years of prohibition and I would have retired, rich."

"No. I haven't married. There're plenty of janes hanging around my joints and I don't want any kids that have to go to war."

"Sure, I was arrested, I was slow in giving the cops their share of the take. One of'em will be around tonight and I'll kick through."

"Yeah, I belong to the Legion. It pays to stand in with those guys when you're in the kind of business I run."

"Say, do you remember that little runt --- ---, in the outfit? He was always preaching how the good guy was taken care of and the crook went to jail. I got him working as a janitor in one of my joints. His wife needed an operation and his two kids were both sick. He lost his job about four years ago and couldn't find another. He was broke and nearly nuts. It sure is hell when a fellow fights for his country and then the country forgets him when he is down and out."

"Do you know the only people who would help the runt was the Salvation Army. What do you know about that? Remember how we laughed at their dough-nut girls in France?"

"No, the Legion had turned thumbs down on the runt. Yes, I know they claim child welfare, but try to get it."

"Sure, I'm working girls out of some of my joints, other guys are doing it, why not me? I pay the cops ten dollars a month hush money for each girl."

"Fellow, I learned something in France, never give the other guy a break and keep on top."

When I left the cafe I walked to the joint where the runt was working. I found my bootlegger friend was not living up to his word, as he was most certainly giving the runt a break. The runt told me the bootlegger had paid for his wife's operation and was paying the costs to keep the runts two children on a health farm.

The runt has lost his confidence in the advantages of being good and a square-shooter.

RELIEF BILL

For March 5th, 1935.

"All the NRA has accomplished is to cheapen wages and cause the price of food and other commodities to go up. It has been a flat failure so far as labor is concerned.

"The American Federation of Labor is justified in fighting Roosevelt's \$4,880,000,000 relief measure. If this bill goes through as the President wants it, it will benefit no one but the employers of labor. The McCarren amendment should be attached so that those unemployed who are hired under this bill will get the prevailing wage/in the community in which they are employed."

This is the position taken by some of the Italian bartenders in North Beach taverns. They are for the most part members of the Bartenders' Union of San Francisco and are strongly backing the officials of the A.F. of L. in their fight for the McCarren Bill.

"Most of the working people are confused about this relief measure," one of the bartenders asserted. "Especially is this true among the Italian laborers. The McCarren bill does not demand that the unemployed be paid more than the \$50 a month, but it does demand that they get the same rate of pay per hour that is paid for similar work in industry. That would mean that people working on relief would get the same hourly wage as those on industrial payrolls, but they would not put in only enough hours in a month to make their pay check come to \$50.

"The fact that the National Chamber of Commerce, the National Industrial Association and other big business institutions, together with the metropolitan newspapers and chain magazines are for this bill as Roosevelt wants it, should be sufficient argument for the laboring man to be against it. Anytime you see that gang behind a measure you can be sure it will benefit them and not the working man."

Another bartender declared Roosevelt had swung so far to the right that he has landed in the arms of big business, and that his usefulness

(MORE)

RELIEF BILL

as president so far as the masses are concerned is at an end. He believes FRD has definitely joined the Wall Street gang and sees his defeat for re-election in 1936.

"There is no question," he said, "but that if the relief bill goes through for \$50 a month without the McCarren amendment, industry will cut wages accordingly. And rest assured industry will not cut its price to the government for materials. At least half of the \$4,880,000,000 will be spent for supplies. You'll not see the big manufacturers and wholesalers cutting their price to the government. Instead they'll be raising prices for everything they sell. .

"I'm for Huey Long for the next president. The Kingfish of Louisiana has the best program--DIVIDE THE WEALTH--of any candidate. We know enough of him now to be certain he would not fall in with the bankers and big industrialists. When he starts organizing in California for his fight for the presidency I hope to be one of his first signers."

The 20 percent cut in the pay of those on work relief has stirred the Italian colony more than anything that has happened in recent months. Many are writing the California Senators and Representatives to get behind a bill for the \$880,000,000 relief and put it through quickly, and leave the four billions to be discussed in a separate measure. They declare there ~~x~~ are Italian families now on work relief that can barely feed their families on the small check they are getting, and that with the 20 percent cut it will be impossible.

Others of the Italian colony contend the cut in relief is not a necessity. They see it as a grand gesture on the part of the President to creat a great squawk among those on relief to be used as pressure against the senators who opposed the Roosevelt program and voted for the McCarren amendment to halt reduction in wages.

(THE END)



— Taban —

Sept 25 1890

2787

This man, an immigrant from the Province of Lucca, was a worker in the glass industry in that region.

A native of the city of Lucca, one of a family of Christian soldiers.

His father owned a small farm of glass and owned his own stable, a stable of the house was given over to these uses.

The house of the rooms, very simple furnished with beds for the women, floors and stone tables down for the males.

No running water, or other modern conveniences. Inconvenient with benches for seats, and a few dishes for food, but the house was the best for light.

A large open fireplace where most of the work was done, and a table over the fire. Food was of the plainest sort. The average of the Italian laborer.

The father and all the children, the women all sought to work except women from the province.

of the emergency committee.
Then said I like it was the biggest mistake
I ever made to be a man to look at the
making of this job but has never had the
opportunity of working at the bank since coming
to New York a year and a half ago.
He had been coming forward many times to ask
money to come to America, as he fully expected
he would never get anywhere if staying at home,
to many in the family.
I had done his time in the army and was a
doctor, so had no trouble in getting permission
to emigrate.
Arriving in New York he was fortunate to be
able to find a family in the Italian quarter
who were formerly neighbors of his father and to
take up his abode with them.
Found it very hard work to have to make a
living, as his English was worse than poor and as
his former boss was an Italian, he could get no work.
Eventually got a job in a grocery with a N.Y. Bank group.

Seeing all Tabians on the same he got along
nicely, saying some can't be possibly better as he
had intended they to along to some to California
and see if could possibly get a lot of oil from
of the black oil business, but as to the same
time has had no use as

There it at least into the P. & O. on the
roadward roads but only work there down a road
but at that is making more than the same road
which at home

Have been pushed to send his mother but a little
money but says he will make up for it by a
condition on Tabians now he is too old to work
hardly any more if you consider the work he
did of his father over there and with the same
mother then lived in a whole one

There had say a lot of his children who is with the same
they are now but I don't understand that from
the no intention of any family had some for a while it is
good deal of the time, then in the British to me
forget there is any other country

Le...

Fig. 1. 1. 1.

Readers Digest
Report

Italian

4534

I was born in Monte Carrara Italy. My father was a marble mason and I had 2 more brothers and a sister. Carrara city is not so very big but world famous for its marble. The quarries produce the finest marble known and everywhere there is more or less interested in doing some work connected with marble. I went to the public schools and when I was 14 I was taken as apprentice by the big firm of Carrara's & Sons. I was good at drawing and so I became a sculptor. For 2 years I was working there and when I did take my ticket for military service I had 4 years to serve at my expense. I visited Genoa Turin and went as far as Rome. I did not miss to see the nice works in these places and after working 2 more years in Carrara I went to Marignole. I made good money and I went to see Paris where I for once enjoyed myself as well as I did during the war time. In those days the fares from Paris to Genoa have not been very high and I went home twice a year. My last visit home was for my wedding and our honeymoon was a sort of long day to New York. I was 8 years in New York and came to San Francisco about 7 years ago for the reason of a milder climate. New York surely was cold and icy in winter time so we decided to come to California. Work for me is on the poor side here but I have many times taken pleasure jobs. In the end it is about the only

working here what has been in the peninsula
that was not much and now the few jobs
are scarce and what is worse the pay is less.
I am to say that I am not a man of all hours
but that eventually you have to be to make a
scant living nowadays here in sunny California.
So I am not a strain and I am not having
any ill feelings as I think it is a part of hard
allotment just now. I take things as they are as I
am here to get acquainted with different ways and
so I am only too anxious to learn.

As I would be in Europe I think I like to go to
war here I can do what I like as I don't
like to go killing. I keep away from it.
Oh yes I get a nice piece of work I have
set my mind to visit Mexico and I
wish I could take you along for the color. I
have noticed here where you see not you have a nice
assortment of many mixture and I like that
I am not for just one way in this line I think
here any mixture is more becoming than a
straight style. I have never dreamed of so find this
place in such style. I have noticed that
few monuments are going up lately, perhaps
in account of the scarcity in coins.

Oh yes as the year has passed on I am sure we have
had better times.

excellent education. After passing through

— Sicilian Adolph Keythal
Schwartz 15.

Mr. A. M. was born in Palermo, fifty years ago.
Is very dark complexioned and looks
more like a Greek than of the Latin race.

The M. family conducted a thriving
export fruit business for many years in
Palermo, Sicily. They dealt in citrus fruits,
lemons and wine; very much of which was
raised on their own orchards and vineyards.
At one time six hundred people were
in their employ. There were one hundred
women occupied in their packing house.
The bulk of their trade was with the
United States. They conducted a brokerage
agency in New York City, by which A. M. made
many trips over since he was a youth.
The family affluence afforded a an

excellent education. After passing through the graded schools he attended the university. There he learned French, German and English. His English is exceptionally fluent. Acquired most likely from his frequent contacts on his visits here.

After graduating from the university he was given charge of the packing house. The 5000 workers earned an average of two francs a day. The workers lived like pickled snails.

At that time a company enjoyed a virtual monopoly on citrus fruit and wine shipments to the east coast of the Americas. But changes gradually took place. Increased duties on European products and better freight facilities

gave California precedence over Italy. A. took over the entire management at his father's death. A was then thirty years of age. He vainly tried during the following two years to recoup the declining business. He then liquidated his interests in Palermo and bought an immense vineyard in California.

The advent of prohibition caused a seventy-eight thousand dollar loss in one year. He then converted the vineyard into a peach orchard which also in 1890 did not pay. He then became engaged in making wine and preparing grape-juice brands which netted an average of twenty dollars a day. He bought Transamerica stock on margin. He claims at one time he was worth a half-million dollars 'on paper'. He was completely

rehabilitated when the stock crash wiped him out. At the time of interview he is employed in a wine store at Twenty dollars per week.

Although meeting with a series of failures and short lived successes here, he speaks of Palermo only in a retrospective manner. Has traveled extensively throughout this land and likes the vicinity of San Diego best because it reminds him of Sicily; however he claims America was always his second country and now that he has received his citizenship papers it becomes his first. He has never married.

Id 72391
Arthur Becker

Italian

LIVES

Toni the Mucker

A swarthy son of sunny Southern Italy,
born 41 years ago at a little village between Rome
and Naples, of course he had a father & mother, also
one older sister. They had a little vineyard on a
rocky hillside, terraced to hold the vines, & when
when he was 13 years old his mother died. Not
soon thereafter his father married again, a younger
woman, and thereafter Toni's life was very unhappy.
He decided to run away. His older sister had married
a neighbor who was in better financial circumstances and
he spent part of the time working for the brother-in-law
but his father collected the father-in-law of money & that
finally he got together a few coins and started out
on the great adventure. He remembers it cost him the
equivalent of 22 cent American money to get to
Naples where he worked for a tailor who sent
out to ships and he finally got a job aboard an
Italian ship that sailed to Baltimore. He was large
and strong for his age. At first he was rather
nervous from the ship, after about a week or so
while he got aboard a sailing vessel bound for New Bedford
and in 1905 got ashore in the United States, an employment
agency shipped him with some other Italians to the coal
mines in Pennsylvania as far as he worked as a
mucker in the coal mines.
Now a "Mucker" in a mine is the one who shovels
and breaks the broken ore into the cars. Toni was
then and is yet a strong muscular man and became
very adept and skilled at his work. He saved his wages
and when the coal mine broke and went to Canada,
he followed it all during the war worked in a coal

Toni The Miner. page 2

mine and when the world war was finally over had saved up over \$5000. He made up his mind to see America came to Seattle where he stayed a few months, then went to Montana where he worked at his only trade, mining, in several places and big gold mines in Montana, drifted to Idaho, then down into Nevada and then to California.

For most ten years he worked in many deep mines. Always there were his own countrymen with whom he associated. His education is very limited, barely able to read and can write very little in English.

Every year he comes to San Francisco and spends 2 or 3 months in the Italian quarters of the City and has a good time in his own way, drinking a little vino, and gambling a little. He says he is a damn good poker player and games. He is, sometimes, close mouthed. Shrewd and a careful spender. He admitted he had some money in the Bank of Italy (near the Bank of America) and a little stock in the bank too that cost him \$20 a share & now only worth about \$5 a share about which he is pretty sore.

About 10 years ago he took out citizenship papers with a lot of other fellows. As they wanted him to vote, but he "no vote", wouldn't tell who to vote for - all looked bad to him. So he "no vote", just they be good Americans, says he likes California and Americans. But jobs are hard to get now.

Think labor are all right except sometimes he works and don't get paid, at end "happy" he calls it. Later businessmen don't make him pay up. Too slow. Has almost \$200 still due from last summer's work and can't get it. Wouldn't go back to Italy no more. Don't like women, don't think he will ever get married.

Don't think he will ever get married or be anything else but a mucker. He says it is easy work for him and he don't want to be a miner, just a good mucker and when the days work is done its done and he can enjoy his food and sleep well and let the other fellows worry about business or political matters.

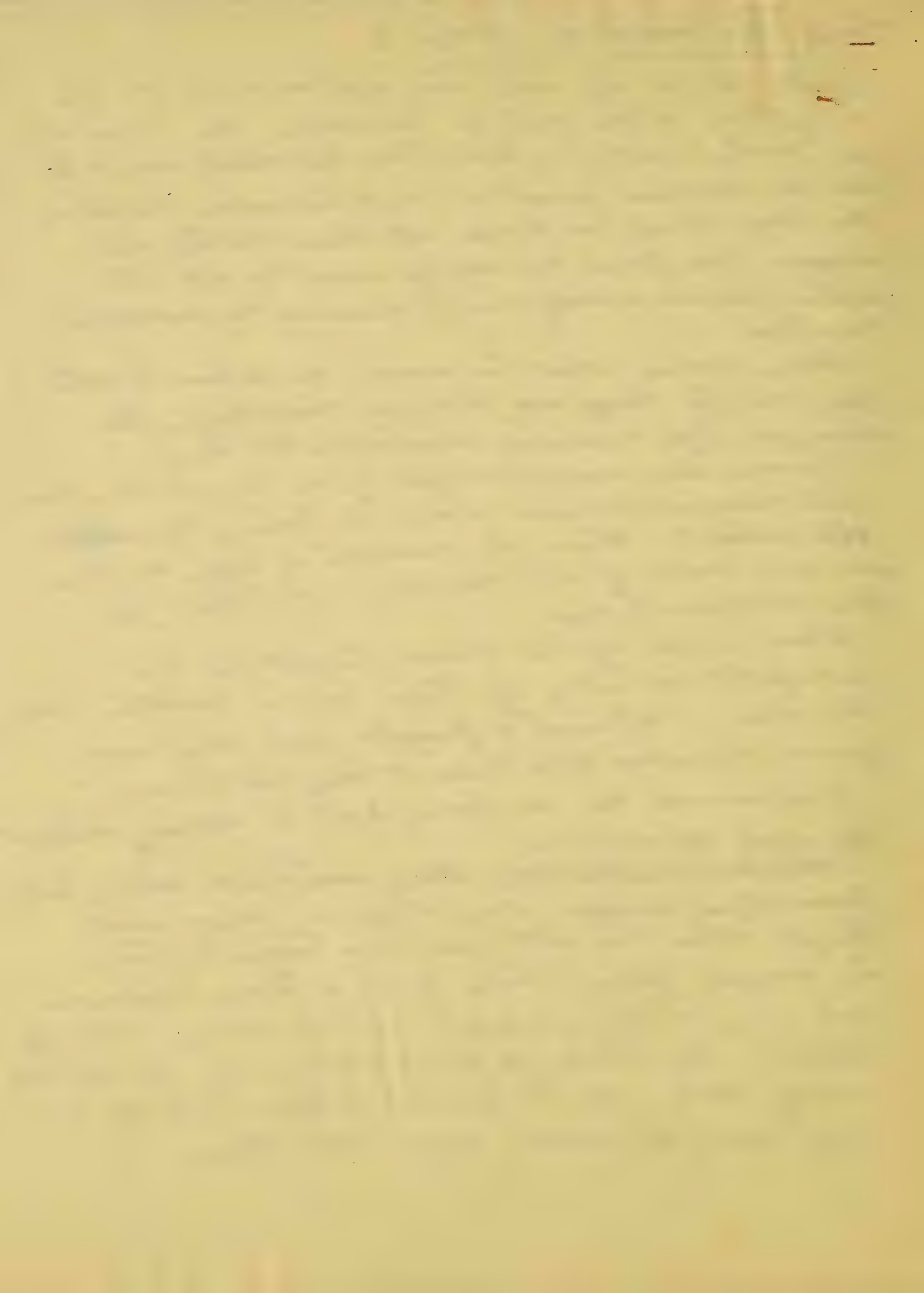
When asked what he would do when he gets too old to keep up his end mucking. He shrugged his massive shoulders and said

"I save my money - maybe by the time I buy one little vineyard Ranch down by Fresno 's market de vino'. Then he reverts to type and has in the back of his mind a picture of his childhood days.

When asked if he would fight for his adopted country if there comes another war he said "I know! I fought good - day need good muckers like Toni to dig de tunnel."

Next month he is going back to mining district and work all summer.

The one noticeable thing was, ^{his} hands, strong but beautiful. Supple long tapering fingers, well kept when his attention was called to them he smiled, flexed them and said "Seve, I like my like my mother, when I work I always wear de glove". A strain of good blood from somewhere away back. Is he a good citizen? I say yes. The country needs more like him.



Italian (male, S.S) L518

He was born in 1887 near Salerno, Italy. The son of Italian peasant parents who owned a small farm of about 2 1/2 acres. He spent a few years with his older brother & sister & had little schooling. At the age of 13 years was sent to an uncle in Italy where he received a practical farm experience. After 4 years at home he returned home to assist his family on their farm.

Dissatisfied with life at home after a year he prevailed upon his father to let him go on such an expedition. He left Italy with a large group of emigrants going to Canada & settled on a farm near Toronto.

As living was quite poor on the farm near Toronto he left the farm & got a job as cook with a nation. Shortly after he took a job as cook with a lumber firm & worked the logging camps trying his hand at logging & mill work but without success.

In 1908 he entered the United States & after trying different jobs went to work as an assistant cook in a New York Hotel. Worked as such in New York & Atlantic City until Italy joined the war in 1915 when he returned to Italy to enter the army. Was assigned as cook in army & served throughout the war.

After demobilization he remained in Italy for some time & in 1920 married a girl from his native village.

Shortly after his marriage he returned to the United States bringing his wife with him. He had no difficulty obtaining work at New York as a cook at one of the hotels where he was previously employed. His wife also went to work in a collar & shirt factory & in a few years they were able to save quite a tidy sum.

In 1925 G. moved to San Francisco with his wife & entered into a partnership in a restaurant owned by a friend with whom he had worked in New York. His wife also went to work in this place & in a few years the business became very profitable.

In 1928 a son was born & in the same year G. was able to buy out his partner who desired to return to Italy & was also able to buy the building in which the restaurant was situated. Followed the Italian pattern & invested heavily in Bank of Italy which stock he held at the time of the crash in 1929.

Was able to salvage the restaurant out of the mess but was thoroughly broke otherwise. Continued to operate restaurant with little or no success until the prohibition law was repealed when business prospered.

In 1932 a daughter was born. Both G. & his wife applied for first papers in 1933 finally deciding that they wanted to become American citizens. Own their own home in the Marina district & are considered fairly prosperous. Both speak English very brokenly & keep quite apart from all but their Italian neighbors. Intensely interested in Italy & Italian politics probably due to the fact that all their family still remain in Italy also their poor knowledge of (and)

the English language. Both desire to return to Italy
for a visit & will probably go there year for a stay of
4 or 5 months in the village where they were born
born.

J. H. H. H.

Pietro

Italy

L 504

Born in Verona in 1890

One of eight children - five boys + three girls.
Their Father was in business with his brother
manufacturing Organs - They had quite a large factory
employing about forty people.

All of the boys were put to work in the
factory when they reached the age of eighteen.

Pietro became very proficient + was sent all
over the country to install new organs.

In 1915 he + his Uncle came to San Francisco to
install an Organ which their factory had built for
use in the Panama Pac. Exposition.

They concluded to stay here + started their own
business - manufacturing + servicing organs

In 1918 Pietro married + has three children.

Their Organ business was successful for several
years - as they were kept busy installing new
organs for Picture houses.

Since the advent of the "Talkies" Sound Speakers
etc - the Picture houses have discontinued the use
of organs - (only two of them being now used in
the S.F. theatres) + as a consequence their
Organ business dropped off very materially.

Pietro + his Uncle are still conducting the
business + are living in hopes that something
will happen to "bring back" their business to better conditions.
Both have been naturalized + are good citizens.

Robt. Grubb

When I came to the United States with my family I
and passed the days of youth in Italy's northern part.
A small town where I went to school called Como
was the place I was born. Very often on week days
I went with my father on a horse cart.
The harder and the wetter I watch the weather
and examining by the border patrol of every traveler.
As a matter of fact everyone could just take so much of
certain things and if he had more he had to pay
custom. We played otherwise same as here and when
summer time was it cold or warm we went in the
lake for swimming. By the time I arrived here
in California I don't want to think that the state
were more exciting as it has taken us a long
time for the trip. My mother was up in Seattle
and we have been up here for quite a while.
I have learned English and have worked in many
things. When I came to San Francisco I intended
joining the navy but instead went working
in the Union Iron works. I married here and
we managed fine up to about 3-4 years ago.
I have worked as glazier, as millwright, as
auto repairman etc. mostly anything as I never
like chances to choose since my family has
grown and work was no more so plentiful.
We have had orders and no choice to move in a
happy life to live in the state capital.

at least a man has a way of earning his money.
any to say that money is so scarce and
my work for relief only few days, would
have a week full work & perhaps could be
managing better. I do admit that the federal
relief has made many more pleasant lives.
To me to have money is certainly better than to
get every week the same food.

Why you ask me a question I am not able
to answer but it could be done to stamp
out depression. I don't know. Every body is
howling we have not enough money, the one
that has and the one that wants more. I think to
say the least you are right when you say by
giving every body deserving satisfaction and
his money's worth perhaps that ends depression
when plenty of money is in circulation and
in every body's pocket.

As I don't see why some people think force
would be necessary, I think after ruin has
stopped the slow steady state came when you
wait - long enough for it. As we need a good
cleaning you can get nothing good and
right done in a hurry it takes time.

I have worked on several projects and I
only say that everything is way high up in
value much higher than it used to be.

Rent has never come down, but condition have not
been bettered in houses where repairs are necessary.

Born in Pizzo, Italy - Came over when 11 years
 old with my parents - and went to school
 until - I was fourteen years old - my father
 got a job in a wholesale cigar concern
 as all around man - and worked there
 all his time that we were here - until
 he passed away - When I was going
 to school - I read newspapers - and
 made a few dollars a week - after
 getting out of school - my father got
 me a job as office boy and errand
 boy with his concern - I finally
 worked up - to running one of their
 Branch retail stores - and made as
 high as \$250 ⁰⁰/₁₀₀ per month - the
 head of the concern - died about
 six years ^{ago} ~~old~~ - he was my friend
 never passed the store without
 coming in to see me and giving
 me a word of cheer - and telling
 me how nicely I was doing and he
 was proud of me - as he felt he
 brought me up and taught me (as)

what I knew - ⁽²⁾ but after he died
I noticed - they were beginning to let the
older men out - men over 45 - well
I was just - 45 - but I kept on
just the same - but one day an
order came thru - they were going
up - their retail stores - finally
my store too was closed - and
a big retail cigar concern took
the store - I went to work for
them - but only make $90 \frac{00}{100}$
per month now and believe me
it's hard work - and hard to get
by - thought I could do more for
my family - than my father did -
But doesn't work like it -
So much graft and politics keeping
the County back - why don't they
run the County like any other
business - this concern would be
Bankrupt - if the ran it like the
different depts of government were run
Jules E. Mannheim

Biography of Mr. A. B. by M. Rizzoli

Mr. A. B. is a bachelor and has 42 years of age.

I was born in Milan the year 1893. My father was a marble sculptor, my mother was an house wife. In my youth I went to the royal technical school of Milan until the age of 18 years, then my father died and my mother didn't have enough money to pay for my school continuation. She send me as a compositor tipographer apprentice at the printing shop of the "Corriere del Popolo" (newspaper Peoples Courier) I worked there for two year and half and then it was time for my compulsory enlistment in the royal army and I didn't like it because I had to serve for 3 years I came to New York. It was this in 1913. In New York I soon find work and I remained there until the U. S. joined the world war then I enlisted in the American army. I was send in France and I was wounded twice once in the Ardennes and once on the Marne in San Quintin I was gased. After the armistice I returned to New York I worked there for few months but my health was rotten and a doctor told me that a changement of climate would have been good, and I came to San Francisco. Here I went to work but periodically I had to pay a visit to the veteran hospital. Now I am some better. I was member of the American Legion but when the veteran went to Washington to ask for the bonus the then president of the U. S. answered our constitutional write what that

II
lead and gas that we may have missed abroad during
the war and the leader of the legion exposed themselves,
so i quited. I never got married because i hallways felt
that with my work i could not supporte in the way that
i would like a family. ~~that~~ At present i work as a
linotypist, but my health is quite menaced by the lead.

This man, a native of the Province of Piedmont in Italy, was born in the town of Caviglioglio of middle class parents.

He has been in the United States since 1905, and has been engaged in various businesses, the business being handled down from father to son.

Has a very fair education, having gone through the lower schools in Italy, and is a competent English speaker.

He is a fairly well to do, somewhat of a family man, and has a comfortable home in the city.

His father was a well known merchant in Italy, and he has inherited some of the family property.

He has a good deal of money, and is a good worker. He has a good deal of money, and is a good worker. He has a good deal of money, and is a good worker. He has a good deal of money, and is a good worker.

It was the wanderlust in him that he was
unable to overcome, and always looking for
the day when he would be able to strike out
for himself and see what the world would be
like. He had been having his money for some time
known to his people, and he had enough
put by to start him on his way.
His father tried to prevent his leaving home
to roam, and bidding his folks goodbye he went to
Rome, and from there to Naples where he took
ship to America.

Arriving in New York, he did not like it at all.
There he a large number of Italians living there,
he proceeded to be introduced, and where he had
some friends in the garment business, and went
to work for them, with whom he stayed about an
entire year.

Did not find it very difficult to master the
English language, that is the common
language of the working people.
Working hard, as the garment business demands
he was well fed up with it at the end of the year.

when again the tenderest took possession of
him, and he started for California.
During his time looking things over
and with quite a lot of capital in his pocket, gave
him the opportunity of entering into the tobacco
business, as a sort of Junior Partner, buying an
interest in said business.

He now doing very well considering the short time
the country has gone through, and being very liberal
as to the future.

He is married, but has also good prospects
in that particular line.

When he left home, he had promised his wife
that he would return some day, but now that
impossible except just for a visit, as he is fully
satisfied where he is, and intends to become an
American citizen.

Living with a German family, but he has a mother
and good money in his pocket, so no money,
nor little comfortable home, and a fine home, as
what more could one wish.

They had nothing to do with politics in the whole
country, to say the least, unless they were on the right
side.

Intends to bring a younger brother over in the near future and
make an establishment of his own.
This man is the right kind of a man, and a good fellow.

Green

J. A. G. Jones

L312

S. M. M. - Rome - Italy. Age 30.
Came to America after the death of his
father in 1910. Entered the grocery business
as delivery boy and attending night clerk.
He has quite mastered the English language.
Worked conscientiously and is now a partner
in the firm. Is very ambitious and is
enthusiastic about the prospects available
to anyone in this country who wishes to
succeed. From his wage of sixteen dollars
a week as delivery boy to his present income
is a source of pride to him, and also the
fact that he has not suffered at all from
the recent economic crisis. He never
returned to Italy and has no desire to
do so, hoping later to expand his business
still more.

Carl J. Phillips
=19509

W. H. Brown

#7 - 1882

L 320

He is a white female from northern Italy.
Her father was a tenant farmer with a
family of four children three boys and one
girl. His three brothers and sister besides
himself all live here in America. Joe is
forty eight years old, his oldest brother is thirty
four the rest of the children are of various
ages less than twenty. None of these four people
speak English sufficiently well to be
well understood. The next oldest brother has
been here thirty years and now speaks and
understands more English than I doubt if
they could say. ³⁰ That is all I know of
them now and I am sure
you can make quite a lot out of this. They are
now part of a work but are not working. Joe is
further on with a brother from Italy who
has been here 15 years and speaks English very
well enough to be understood. The other two
have enough money in the bank to live on
several years if they wish to remain idle. If
they spend but little.
Like many of her people here, after working
in this country, want to go to a better

garden where he worked several years at thirty
dollars a month and board. He saved all his
money and put it in a bank in California.

When he came to California for his
purpose he found a very small place in the
Market, in Oakland and was in this
business for several years but quit a few
months ago moving to San Francisco.

He has not decided to return to the old
country as all his nearest relatives are
here in Alameda and he wishes to live and
die here.

4328

San Francisco Aug 24 '35
Statement of Ernest Pedroni

I was born in Sprema Italy
1872 There were 4 girls & 2 boys.
My father had or was in the
Hotel (business) mostly tourist
and during the season, which
was about 6 months of the year
we done what we thought a
good business.

Our home consisted of 22
Rooms, 2 Dining rooms, Kitchen
Etc. The building itself was of
stone and nearly 200 yrs old.

The Village of Brendia is a
small place about 250 in all,
which was, like Pormio, sea-
to other villages within a country
about 10 miles. The elevation
of our Town is about 3000 ft above
sea level, and the Gries Glacier
about 5000 ft above. This Glacier
is, say or belongs to Italy & Switzerland.

Brenia is a most beautiful
Valley in this section of the
country, surrounded by forest
) or so called Alps.

The ^{falls} Ice about 500 ft falls in
just a short distance from our
place and below is a beautiful
Lake. All Tourist come here on
account of its grandeur, which
is hard to describe. The water for
the Hotel comes from springs
piped to the Hotel. During winter
season all food stuff is kept in
a cellar about 6 or 7 ft deep covered
by straw - and when using is just
as fresh as when placed there.
Fresh meat is only used about once
a month. Plenty of Fruit, Nuts, etc
is the principal food we get.

I left home in 1888 and went
to Paris where I staid for 9 yrs.

I came direct to San Francisco
in 1907 and have been here ever
since.

I have always worked at my
Trade as a writer & which I
learned when at home I have
made pretty good at that, and
used to save all I could, ~~was~~
one bad mistake I made
when I went into the Restaurant
business with a partner, in short
he got it all or practically so.

I am now too old to do much
but my wife and self have
enough to live on and as happy
and that is all one can wish for.
I had a fair education when at
home but have not since, since
I have not worked.

J. H. Burg

L233

The story of this man's life, which
is not very exciting from the standpoint
of adventure ~~but~~ is interesting when viewed
from the point of view of what an
immigrant can obtain ~~in~~ in
American life after reaching his majority
and also handicapped with no knowledge
of the language previous to coming to
the United States.

Peter was born in Toulon Italy
in 1855 his parents being from Calabria.
His father had no trade and gained
his livelihood mostly by doing odd jobs
~~working~~ around small shops consequently
earning very little. This of course very
much curtailed Peter's early schooling and
he was forced to seek work at an
early age. He would have home with
his father in the morning and as his
father's work was mostly around

hotel Peter naturally fell into the same kind of work.

This unremunerated routine kept up until he was about 15 years of age at which time his father died. About a year later his mother married and of course Peter went out to live alone.

He followed these odd hotel jobs for several years in and around Milan but was unable to save more than a living let alone save anything. When he was in his nineteenth year he obtained his first steady employment as a hotel in Northern Italy as a helper in the kitchen and was later transferred to a porter's job which included handling the baggage of the hotel's guests.

In this position he began to save a little money as he received a salary.

with board and room included.
For handling baggage tips from the
hotel guests soon became to be one
of the main sources of his revenue and
he began to save a little money. At
this point he married, marrying a
girl who was also working and by
pooling their earnings and living
very economically were able now to
save quite a bit each month.

When the bank account began to
grow a little he and his wife soon
began to have a lot of ambition and
it was decided that they would save
harder than ever until they had enough
for him to come to America get
established in a job and then send
for her.

Thus they soon accomplished and he
sailed for America.

He immediately began the rounds

seeking employment and soon found one
in the kitchen of the old Thaldorfs but
at a salary which would not enable him
to send for his wife for at least a year
or so however he stuck and ^{staid there} ~~waited~~ but
was shortly to receive quite a shock.
A letter came from his wife stating that
there was going to be an addition to the
Peter family and what was to be done?
This of course upset all plans for the
immediate future making it necessary
for her to remain in Italy indefinitely.

By this time Peter had met a number
of his countrymen among them being a
man who was going to San Francisco
and had taken quite a liking to our
new arrival. He induced Peter to come
with him leaving his wife in Italy until
after the birth of their child. This
arrangement was decided upon and the
two came here.

This friend of Peter's had a little money
and the new arrivals were

so they decided that instead of looking for work they would go into business for themselves.

One of Peter's duties around the hotel when he had worked had been the sharpening and repairing of the cutlery and at which he became quite proficient.

The arrangements were soon made to purchase a second hand truck and turn it into a knife grinding equipment. Peter to do the actual work of grinding and his friend to solicit the business of hotels, meat & stores. He also loaned Peter a little money to be paid back out of earnings.

From the start through the good salesmanship of this friend and the good sharpening Peter gave the business the business was an immediate success.

Peter now owns a three story flat on Garry Street has his family with him with one more added and the Partners are operating 3 Trucks & doing well.

By B. Blackburn

L. M. was born in Malta in 1890. His father was a butcher and had his own shop. After a common school education he went to work in his father's shop. He learned the butchers trade thoroughly in the old country fashion. He had always heard of America ever since he could remember. His father had long wanted to go to America but his mother, very devout, did not wish to leave her beloved parish church or her friends of the parish society. So the father's longing was transferred to the son. When his father thought he was ready to become a full-fledged butcher he gave him 200 dollars and shipped him off to America. That was in 1910.

He came to San Francisco which is the goal for all Maltese wishing to come to America. He got a job in a butcher shop and soon was doing well. He had been married before he left and soon a child came. Later there were more. After the war the big boom in automobile industry came and some Maltese went to Detroit. Their tale of high wages soon drew others and soon there were Maltese coming both from

San Francisco and Malta. In six months a colony of a thousand Maltese grew where there were none before.

L.M. was one of those whose head was turned by the stories of high wages. He hoped that these wages could be saved every month and then he could have a ship of his own. So he packed his goods and chattels and with his family moved to Detroit in 1923.

He soon got a job in the Ford works. He worked hard and saved his money. He soon bought a house on installment plan and also an automobile and furniture. When his oldest son left school he went into the Ford apprenticeship school.

Then in 1930 came the great depression. The son was given a small part time job at very small wages and later the father lost his job. There was absolutely nothing doing in Detroit. The climate had never agreed with his wife and every winter she was sick. Things were at a standstill. He could no longer make payments on the house. He sold the car. Finally their little savings were all

(3)

gone. The oldest boy lost his job at Ford's but soon after got work as a gas station attendant. For a while the family subsisted on his small wages. They had to move from their nice home into a flat. The home was used for back payments. They saw their friends leave one by one for the old country. The colony of Malters that had sprung up in six months, disappeared as quickly. In 1931 there were only 300 Malters in Detroit. Now there are less than a hundred.

In 1932 conditions became quite desperate. The oldest boy had lost his job. The other children could not find jobs and the morale of the family was very low. The oldest boy took the first step towards changing things by suddenly leaving home and by hopping freights and hitch hiking came back to his native city - San Francisco. The Depression had not hit here nearly so badly and the Malters colony ~~was~~ ^{was} older and well-organized and he was not long here before friends helped him find a job in a gas station.

At this good news to the harrassed father, his thoughts turned back to California which seemed like paradise. He borrowed some money from one of the few remaining Mattheus and came out here. His friends welcomed him back and he lived with his son until he got a job in a butcher shop. Father and son between them saved the money to bring the rest of the family to San Francisco. They had been living on city relief in the mean time. Soon they had their home established and were buying it on the payment plan. The oldest girl, now 23 has married a country man and a baby is expected soon. The third child is learning the trade of the father. The youngest, a girl is at home.

They have started all over again to build up a home and this time, the father says no foolish idea of big wages will ever persuade him to leave his trade, which has been the family trade for many generations, or to leave the comfort of this city or the protection of the well-intended Mattheus colony.

Leonard Austin
1614 Ellis St.

23411

ITALIAN

This man was sitting in his launch cleaning his fishing gear. We stood on the dock talking with him for some time before he invited us aboard the launch.

He told us he was born close to a small fishing village in Italy. He came to this country as a small boy with his parents and settled in San Francisco. His father was a fisherman up until his death twelve years ago.

This man had gone out with his father many times and stopped in the second year of high school to take over the fishing when his father died.

He is married, has three sons. Owns his own home and lost his life's savings in the crash of Bank of Italy stock. He is getting slowly back on his feet again with the help of his sons, whom he says should be in school but he is forced to use their help.

No, the boys were all born at home. We have been fortunate in not having serious sickness in the family.

Yes, I make my own wine, but I do not sell it. Guess I could have got rich during prohibition, but I didn't.

For February 19, 1935.

L 355

"Sure the Italians are for the Townsend Old Age Pension plan. Why not? It will put money into circulation through the older people who are now a liability to the taxpayers, and be the greatest single aid to national recovery that has so far been proposed."

It is an Italian apartment house owner talking. He is forty-seven years old--thirteen years below the age when the Townsend plan would do him some good. Here is his logic:

"I belong to the Apartment House Owners association. We held a special meeting six weeks ago of the association members, to hear the Townsend plan explained. As it was portrayed I can see no argument against it, but every argument in favor of it.

"When the meeting was through, which was held at the California Club, every apartment house owner present endorsed the plan and signed the petition urging congress to pass it. That shows how strong we are behind it.

"Aside from the monetary benefit the apartment house owners would receive, there is a sociological aspect to be taken into consideration. These old people have been the backbone of the nation for the past forty or more years. They have worked hard, raised families, been good citizens. It is no fault of theirs that they are in distress now--it's the fault of the economic system of the country.

"These old people are now at that period where they cannot expect to recoup their finances. So far as industry is concerned they are out. Women at the age of thirty-five and men around forty. What are even these people going to do for a livelihood from the time they are kicked out of industry until they would be sixty and eligible for a pension? During the

(MORE)

period from say eighteen years to the time they are not wanted in the commercial life, it is impossible for them to save up enough money to care for their old age.

"But here's the big advantage of the Townsend plan. It will knock out of industry around 5,000,000 old people who are now piddling about into one thing or another trying to earn a living, or else are on relief. That will create jobs for an equal number of people under the pension age. It will put money into circulation that now is piled up in banks idle, doing no one any good. The pension money must be spent in the month and in the United States. Think what that two billion dollars a month spent here would do to the depression!

"I don't believe they'll be able to laugh the Townsend bill out of congress. It isn't only the older people that are for it--millions of young people are signers because they know it will benefit them by making more jobs and raising wages.

"Of course Roosevelt is against the bill, but can he stop it? He has been a big disappointment to millions of progressive Republicans who voted for him in the last election. He has allowed the big boys of Wall Street to encompass him with their influence. And then Jim Farley is no good for the average citizen. He's only a Tammany politician that is in for the graft and boodle he can get out of it.

"I doubt seriously whether Roosevelt can hold the progressive vote that put him over. Unless he steps on it harder for the common man this vote is apt to swing to the LaFollettes, Governor Olson of Minnesota or even Huey Long of Mississippi. The temperament of the voters is such that no man half conservative and half progressive can hold them. They must keep swinging to the left--no right turn with the country in the shape it is in today."

L341

Case #3- Jan 1935

The grandfather was born in Sicily, the grandmother in Pistoja, in Tuscany. The grandfather established a flour mill in Pistoja, the only one for miles around. Was considered a well-to-do man when he married. He raised a family of four sons, who all served the colors. On completion of their army service they returned and worked with their father until his death, when they took active charge, except the youngest son, who a year after he returned from the army decided to come to America, which he did in 1880.

In New York he secured employment in a factory manufacturing buttons, working there for several years. He met his wife, who also was an employee of this same factory. They were married & both continued their employment until the first baby arrived.

In 1890 he entered in partnership with two others and established a bakery. The business prospered and when his two sons were old enough to leave school they entered the business, and eventually bought out the father's partners.

After the father's death in 1927, the business was

sold and the two sons moved to California, the
oldest son establishing an Italian Bakery in the
North Beach District in San Francisco. The youngest
son is employed as a baker in an Italian
Bakery in East Oakland.

They both married and have families, the one
living in Oakland has four children ~~and~~ three
attending school, the fourth is looking for work, he
having finished his school last June.

1777

Born in Parma Italy - came to San Francisco
in 1889 - and got a job as a furrier - my
reason for leaving Italy - my entire family
were so poor and I came over to see if
I could not do better - knew quite a
few men who left my town - and came here
and thought after much correspondence - I
would come - I was twenty years old
and did not take me long to get a job
as a helper in a furrier factory - and
soon became a first class - skin
matches - which paid well - and after
five years - had saved enough money
to bring two Brothers and Sisters over
with my parents - I rented a house
for them in North Beach - and
we were sure a happy family -
my brothers got married - and my
sisters eventually too - and to-day
are all married and here families
some doing well others - not so
well - But that is life and
can't all be on the top (end)

(2)

I got married - and here four
children - my eldest ~~son~~ - son -
works in the same - factory I do
where I have worked for 27 years -
and one daughter - here lost very little
time - and have earned good money
even thru these hard times -
my other two sons - one worked
in a bank and the other -
in a brokerage office - but the
two of them have been idle for
over two years - and it is lucky.
that I have a little money saved
and own my own little house
for they are both - day time
with me - it takes my cent
earn there day - to feed
and cloth them - not easy
for a man of 66 years - I would
have quit work at 65 both
for this unfortunate thing - as I
always have hunger for the
country - I only hope I can
continue to - work - and
can help - my daughter her

③

husband has been employed steady
and need no help from me -
But all in all - I have a great
family - and they are all good
children - but not so fortunate
we are a family who really want
little - I am proud of them -
attend Church every Sunday - and
if everyone would go to their
Church on Sunday - no matter
what religion - we all would
be better off - I hope for the
day of no more wars and misery
of the poor - but I guess I expect
too much -

Jules E. Muenberger

Biology of Mr. M.P. by M. Rivoli

Mr. M.P. is married with 2 childrens and he is 40 years. I was Born in Folligno province of Pisa Tuscany the year 1895. In my youth I was send to the elementary school but at 14 I was send to the next town with a joiner as apprentice. I worked there for 3 years as the apprenticeship called. I then moved to Pistoia and I worked there 2 years. Then I was about to be called to the army and I didn't liked it I came to New York. It was about two months that I was there when the world war broke out. In October 1914 I got married. I was then working for a big firm of New York and I was earning \$6.00 a day, that was a top wages for those days. In December 1916 my wife gave birth to a boy. I worked there for the same firm until the U. S. entered the war. Then I had to enlist and they assigned me to the manutention corp, I was send to France but I never participate in fight. I came back after the armistice, and I went to work in a railroad shop building cars, but my wife got sick and six months after we decided to move to Philadelphia. I remained there for seven years, until my wife got tired to live there. There in 1921 my wife gave birth to a girl. From there we came to Chicago. In Chicago I worked in a furniture factory and I remained there until 1930. In 1930 we came to San Francisco because we got disquise of being loosed practically all our saving with the stock market crash.

Continuation

Here in San Francisco I worked for the Royal show chase for one year then i got sick and for 3 months i could recuperate my health. Then i returned to work and i worked steady until 1933 when i was laid of for lak of work. Now i work for the S. E. R. A. because from 1933 till now i coul find any more work and we were compelled to spend every cent that we had saved up.

L 38-9

S. Francisco July 21st 1935

Statement of the Passenger.
No. 100

I was born in Naples, Italy on a farm. My father and all his predecessors followed that of farming. As soon as I was old enough to work I had to do whatever I was told to do.

Our place was a few miles from Naples. We worked and lived just as all other family, not much time to play, had a little schooling, not very much.

As is customary at the age of 16 I served or had to enlist for 3 yrs in the army, no pay, just a few cents for tobacco etc!

When I got my discharge, I did all kind of work for awhile, both on the farm & in Naples.

In 1909 or 1910 I left home to come to this country where

^{just} been ever since. When I first
came here, I worked on a Ranch
for a while, but did not make
very much money. Then I got
a job bootblacking, and I have
been doing that for some
years. I now have my own
place, but business now
for the last year is not very
good. I have ~~been~~ owned
this bootblacking stand about
3 yrs. and pay \$2.00 per month.
I have a small family all
working part of time.

We make to live and ear-
nest. We always have our win-
nover and old alike. That is one
of our principal thing we want
to without.

J. H. Scott

He was a fresh arrival from Europe when I met him in a shanty office of the East Side . Such meets there were not unusual; the building, one of the survivors of the old New York was considered the Mecca of all Italian political refugees, a certain rendez-vous for persecuted foreigners, a peculiar Salvation Army , where anybody could get a good word and the price of a lunch .

Thru a narrow wooden stairs, the visitor reaches what pompously ~~is~~ called the office of the newspaper , located in three small rooms, one for the printing shop , one for the manager and the smallest one the private office of the editor , Carl, a tall bearded man fifty years old , an arch enemy of Fascism and Mussolini.

During the winter , one who was not accustomed to the North Pole climate couldn't remain in there longer than half an hour without freezing; but Carl and his associates were brave to the extent of leaving the electric heater (the only heating apparatus in the place) idle and endure the cold for eight hours a day. Friends said Carl evidently was not a stock holder of the Edison Company, but I was suspicious that the freezing temperature was maintained for discouraging unwanted visitors to lounge there very long. In fact I noticed that when I had some important communication for me , before starting the

conversation he immediately plugged in the heater and offered a cigarette.

That day when I opened the door and peeped in ,Carl was engaged in conversation with a young man . About to ~~x~~ withdraw ,he summoned me in ,saying " come in ,it will interest you too." The heater was lit.

And he introduced me to comrade Ibavic,a man about 30,dark wavy hair,oval face and black fiery eyes,who stood up and shook hands with the firm gesture proper of an officer .

There we remained ,un^aware of the time and the forgotten lunch, I standing up ,for the two chairs were occupied ,while he spoke with the warmth of a deep communicative ^mpassion .

During the war ,being a graduate from the University of Trieste , Ibavic served as navy officer under the colors of the Austrian-Hungarian empire . But his family was irredentist ,that is affiliated to the secret party ~~xxx~~ which for more than fifty years advocated the incorporation of the East shores of the Adriatic Sea with Italy.

Imagine the tragedy of this young man ,compelled to serve in an army that he considered composed of enemies .

In 1917 ,with three more officers ,he succeed in passing the frontier and joined the Italian army till the end of the war . The desert-

ion netted him a medal from Italy and from Austria a sentence to be hanged as traitor in case of recapture ,with the ~~extra~~ immediate confiscation of all his properties. Italy gave him back his home ,and Trieste greeted him as ~~an~~ hero ,when,in the ~~fall~~ fall of 1918,the city was annexed to Italy.

A leader in his town ,an engineer in Trieste's ship yard ,he was a successful young man in all respects .And his life ^{would} have flowed calmly had not the love for liberty and consideration for the rights of workers ,put him on their side ,to fight a more cruel war against big interest ,organized under the name of Fascism.

Trieste was one of the Italian cities more persecuted by the forces of the new ascending party. For two years its squares were the stage for a civil war waged with unbelievable brutality . Thousands of squadist^s ,with rifle and dagger ,dressed in black shirts,with a skull, the ~~ancient~~ ^{modern} symbol of death ~~on the~~ on the left side of the uniform ,raided the town during the night time ,setting fire to headquarters of labor unions,cooperatives ,newspaper buildings,ransacking homes of political leaders. Swindlers,crooks,men without honor and without family ,poor ,ignorant people,the most vile element of society,gathered under the banners of Fascism and took it on them to

protect the order and to save Italy.

One of these bands, ill famed for its terroristic acts, "La Disperata", entered Ibavic's home one night in October of 1923 . Before realizing what was happening ,he was dragged out of bed and carried to a waiting camion; two more followed and the cortage headed towards the outskirts of the town. About five miles in the country, the camions stopped and Ibavic, bleeding all over and unconscious for the savage beating administered^{ed} him en route , was carried to a nearby tree. A rope around his neck and the naked body was hanged, midst the wild shouts of the drunken crowd.

Irony of fate ; Ibavic ,the Italian hero ,the one spared to the gallows of Austria ,was hanged six years later by the self styled redentors of Italy .

When the roar of the camions was lost in the distance ,a peasant who had hidden in a nearby bush to witness the savage scene ,rushed to the tree and with a stroke of a knife cut off the rope . A faint murmur of the heart signified that he was still living .

Two months later Ibavic was in France ,still weak from the terrible ordeal ,but with determination to continue the fight.

"It seems a destiny in my family - he resembled in the way of

his narration, not without a touch of bitterness - "I will not be just called a traitor of Italy, ".

When he finished I noticed a trembling sound in the voice of big Carl, the strong man of the movement : " And now, what's next, comrade Ibavic"- he inquired .

"What ? I will remain in America . I know those rats are trying to transplant in this country their hateful influence . I know that Mussolini is spending millions thru the Italian Embassy and Consulates , to carry on a mercenary propaganda among millions of Italian immigrants and I am here to do my share in stopping them : I understand what you mean : I have no passport , I am a clandestine immigrant. But till they deport me , the Black Shirts in New York have another one to fight with . You will hear of me ."

And we heard plenty . He was in the front line , writing , speaking , challenging all the fascist forces in the East. The Black Shirts could not appear in public without facing the terrible Ibavic. Dozens of them , literally , were rushed to different hospitals.

"They are not men , they are beasts"- he used to say with a cruel grin face xix which contrasted with his kindly eyes. "If they don't go back to Mussolini xix I will see that they go to

all".

In 1939 I lost sight of Ibavic . He was not heard from any more and I thought he had returned to Europe . Till two weeks ago when I was stopped by a well dressed man on Market St., who shook hands with a familiar firm grip. At first I could not place him ; then to my utter surprise I realized this man was no other than Ibavic . He seemed to have rounded more .

After our enthusiastic greeting ,he told me he had become quite a home man ,and retired to the tranquil life in California . He was engaged in the tile business in Los Angeles and was doing very well; also that he had the sweetest little boy and an adorable wife . I asked him if he still takes interest in the anti-fascist movement and he was evasive about . "Just ^a few dollars for the anti-fascist press and to help the victims of Fascism in Europe . But... when the Italian people will start the spring cleaning of the Adriatic shores, I will be there to give a hand . And if too old ,my boy will complete the job . That's the destiny of the Ibavic family ."

- Italian -

Ms. J. 1. 1. 1. 1.
L 375

This immigrant came from the City of Messina,
Sicily, and has been in this country for the
last two years.

He is evidently a hard working man, who has
gotten the opportunity to work, which is a blessing,
has been much the same the last year or so, but he
had to appeal to the Italian Consulate for
help to help himself and wife from starvation.
It seems to be a case of the man, who is a
good worker, but not being able to
be not being able to connect with the
Italian Consulate. This is a secular country, but the
able and willing to work, as yet a
man if he does not work for any less than
aged down to 1000 men.

He states that it must be a slight thing
or it would not be so.

Pretty hard to make him understand, as he
has a very poor grasp of the English language.
Had to use an interpreter, and he was not quite
an oral a working success, and after having been

in this country, almost ten years.
It seems to be very difficult for the natives
of southern Italy, to become able to speak
our language, whereas the people from
Northern Italy, seem to be able to master the
language very well in a short space of time.
This man's home in Messina, was of a common type.
The average of Italian working men, consisted
of a house, extremely old of four rooms, none
having water, gas or electricity.
He used to get water from a public fountain
and his two sisters, did their washing of
clothes and etc. in the public square.
I lived in the outskirts of Messina for a small
time, garden and the estate, which provided
both milk and cheese for the family.
The food as usual in Sicily, for the poor
people class, was poor but none the less plentiful.
None were furnished from the Government at any
point. Only one good mattress and one blanket
had they, the best of them being of some material.

Had saved his time on the Italian boat
but found it very difficult to get permission
to leave the country, but he finally brought
some of money, a wife on which he was
given permission to leave.

Arrived in New York on Thursday, but did not
not like it there, too many people and always on
a hurry.

Next day, Saturday, got a job in the steel mill, but
found the work too tough, went to a garage, did
not like it there and came to see someone.
Had been there about three months, when he
married a Italian woman, and then his trouble
began.

Had been wavering, whether to stay here or go
back to Italy, but the news from Italy coming
through the underground system, had made him
decide to stay here, and very thankful for the
privilege of being so.

He says to keep a stiff upper lip, and everything
will come out all right.

P.S. I think this man belongs to the Mafia. Grace

Handwritten text on the right margin, possibly a date or page number, including "1874" and "1875".

M. P. was born 1890 in Malta. His father was a tailor and his mother a cook. His mother had cooked in the kitchens of some of the wealthy families of the city and among them the English colonial families. This gave his mother more of a contact with English culture than is usual with natives of the island. She spoke English well and her son spoke English since he was a boy. He now speaks the language without an accent.

He went to the common schools and had a supplementary education in the church school. His mother was very devout and he had a strong religious influence in his youth. He was an altar boy and the especial favorite of the priest.

In 1906 he came to San Francisco. He was employed at various odd jobs. The city was mostly in ruins as the result of the fire. All able-bodied men were put to working cleaning debris and repairing streets. He worked at this sort of work for two years and then went to San Jose where he was employed as apprentice in a tailor shop. After five years he was a full-fledged tailor and he was employed in various shops in San Francisco.

In 1914 he went back to Malta to see his old mother and also to look for a wife. At that time there were few women among the Maltese here. Instead he was taken by the English for their Maltese battalion and was stationed at Malta and Gibraltar for the duration of the war. Immediately at the expiring of the armistice he made plans to return to America. He married the girl whom ~~he~~ had been courting during his period as a sailor on a British gunboat in Malta.

At that time many families were leaving Valletta for San Francisco and the question arose as to the need of a priest for spiritual needs. Mr. T. went to his childhood benefactor and put the question to him. The priest said that he was much too old but that he had a nephew who had been recently ordained. With the approval of the bishop, this priest was sent to do missionary work among the Maltese of California and sailed on the same ship with my friend and his bride.

Once in San Francisco he assisted this priest in his work among his countrymen and in 1920 the church was built, dedicated to the Shipwreck

of St. Paul on the shores of Malta, while on his way to the city of Rome from Asia. He then returned to his old trade of tailor and in 1922 started his own shop. He has been fairly successful and the depression has hardly affected him. His wife helped in the shop as well as keeping house and bearing him five children. The eldest, a girl is in high school and plans to become a teacher. The whole Maltese colony are interested in her career, as she will be the first woman to become a school teacher from among the Maltese. Some are scornful as the Maltese believe that learning is not for women.

English is the language of the family. The children know scarcely any Maltese and in fact are completely Americanized. They know nothing of their race and care less. The family are American any way and the father only mingles with his countrymen at the weekly club meetings.

Leonard Austin
1684 Ellis St.

Biography of Mr. A. R. by Lirraoli.

Mr. A. R. is married with one boy.

I was born in Palermo Sicily my father was a wood carver and my mother a dress maker.

I am 38 years old. my trade is baker. I in my youth I went to the elementary school then at the age of 12 he send me to work as apprentice in a bakery in a near town at 15 I was graduate baker but, I didnt get the corresponding raise in wages, I decided to quit and to go to Messina.

I remained there for 4 year then I got married and I moved to Naples. It was scarcely a year that I was there and my wife was ~~in~~ a pregnant that I was compelled to enlist in the royal army. They put me in the light cavalry and they transferred me to Rome.

My wife returned to Palermo in the house of my father where she gave birth to a girl but didnt live. I had to remain in the army and when Italy entered the world war they transferred me to the 84 regiment alpins and send me to the front to fight against whom? were they my enemies? Did I ever know them? No they were workers; a man being just as I am.

That was certainly empering my duty; One day while I was on guard to an advanced post I was capture and interned to a concentration camp. near

China when I remained for all the war period.
As soon released from the concentration camp I had
to be recovered in the hospital where I remained
for 70 days. I finally joined my family, but
my wife wasn't there. What happened? she died
from the flu. I then decided to emigrate where?
from the war by train a group was migrating
to New York among which it was a cousin of
mine. I went to see him and I told him that
as soon he could to send me the passage.
Four months after with the help of one of
his uncle in New York I received the passage
money and the permit to enter the U. S.
I came to New York and 3 months that I was
there I returned the passage money and I got
married for the second time. A year after my
wife gave birth to a boy. I saved some money
and then I decided to come west because the
winter in New York was too cold for me, and
we came to San Francisco. Here I started to buy
a house at rate payment but when I had
paid about half the amount my wife got ill and
I was compelled to give up the house and work
to pay the hospital bills. Now I work part time
and I earn just enough to keep the family alive.

Italian

about 40

US about 15 yrs.

farm laborer.

L 4/14

Shorly lives in a small house with his wife and adopted baby. His wine cellar is full, his yard is clean and neat. His English is very broken and it is difficult to understand him. He got married in Italy and came to this country with his wife. She is about four feet 8 inches high and doesn't stand back up until about three years ago there were no children and he used to quarrel constantly with his wife. ~~He was a very bad man~~ ~~But the years~~ I once asked him if he had any children. He answered: "no. I tell my wife she is no good, she tell me you no good. Do you give your money to your wife?" I was gone

her money four week now. I tell her I was
no pay. she was sure. what she tell.

"What are you going to do with your money?"

"I get pretty thousand dollar. go back to
old country. get nice young girls - plenty
there? are you going to take your wife?"

"I leave old lady here. she so good."

"Do you go to church?"

"No - I no go. once a while my old lady
go."

About three years ago he decided that he
would adopt a child. For about 24 months
he tried to get a child from the Catholic-
Italian orphanage but the priest wouldn't
let him take a child unless he attended
church regularly. Finally when the priest
was convinced that the child's soul would
be saved he let them take the child.

"Did you get a nice baby Shanty?" I asked.

"Yeh ~~the~~ pretty - black hair curly - big eye - red cheek. It's better have chil than cow."

"How is your wife?"

"She good - yeh pretty red cheek - Drink lots o wine - like care baby all day."

"~~Are you~~ Do you still want to go back to Italy?"

"No I got chil who work I get it. Since pretty - my wife she want chil, I want chil we put him sleep ~~in~~ middle bed - we no fight."

"Is the baby a boy?"

"No he girl - grows to pretty like wife."

For Mr. Dadin

Thomas Burnett

Joseph D. Italian

Age 38

L 423

Joseph D., was fourteen years old when he came to America with his father, a widower, from Italy. This was in the year 1910. Joseph's father was a printer in Italy, a man of good education and with a good knowledge of the English language. The main object of moving to America was the desire of the father to find greater opportunities for the son. In this he was a bit too strenuous for Joseph relates that for years after coming to America he was under the complete domination of his parent. It was only when he broke away from his father that he began to think for himself and, as he says, he came Americanized. His father could not leave the old country behind and to the son this was a great disadvantage. Another thing that was bad for him was the fact that for four

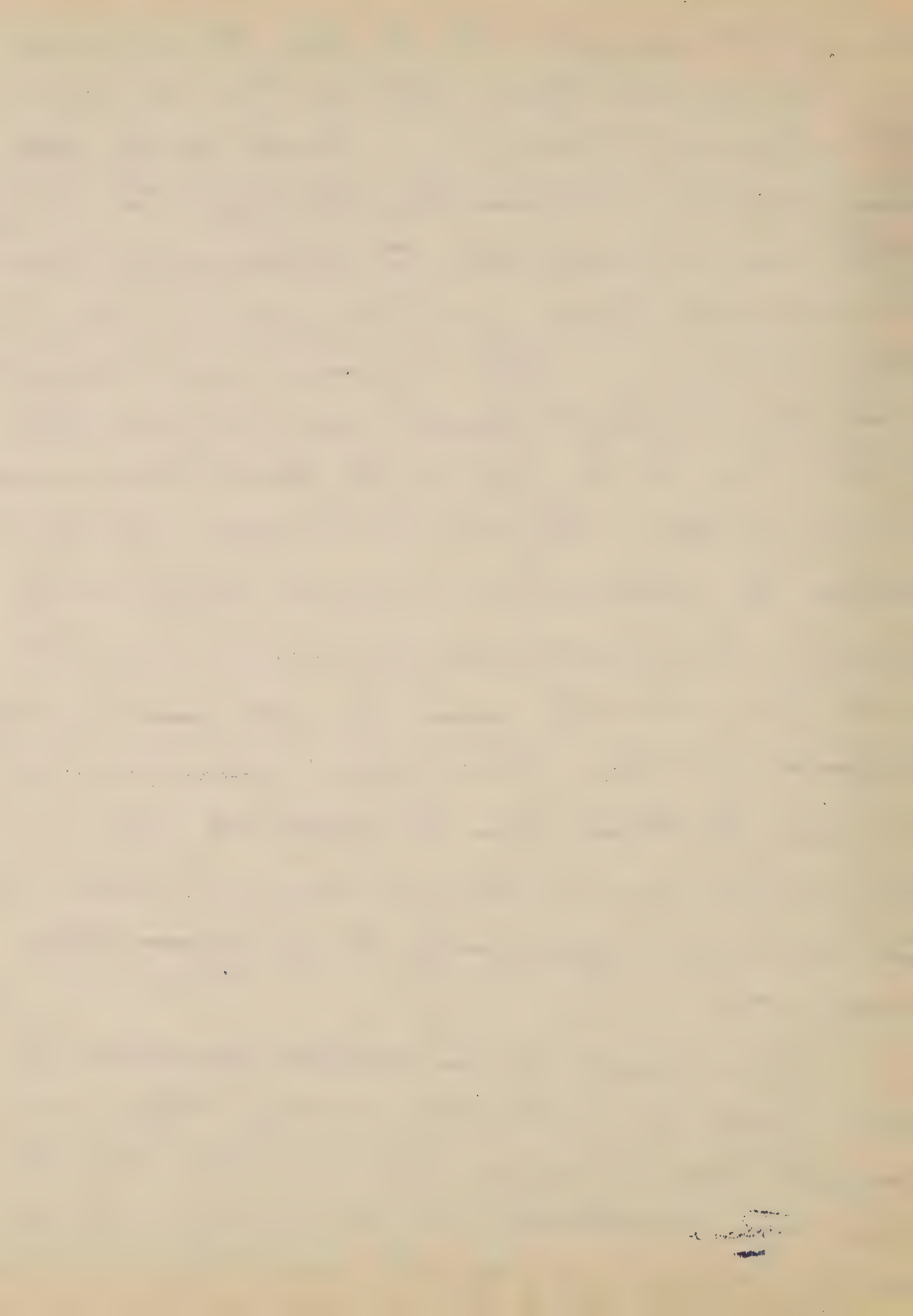
anything that retards his Americanization is bad. His father was a middle aged man and in his case moving to America from Italy was merely coming to a new country to live among a large group of his transplanted countrymen. But in Joseph's case it was different -- he was young -- and he had not the habit of the old of looking back upon the past. He relates that the one thing that made it hard for him when he did get out on his own was the manner in which his father sheltered and protected him during his stay in New York. But he says that on the other hand everything he learned during those years in some way came through his father; his father taught him not only the purser's trade but showed him how to analyze people and gave him a broader view of life that seems to have been completely at variance with his own. Even though living here Joseph's ideas of America were colored by the views of his father. It was later that he found out how many things were wrong his father had told him of America.

When he was eighteen years old was well

years in New York he lived exclusively with
Italians. His father before leaving Italy had
been promised a job by a relative in New York
who owned a little Italian newspaper. Joseph
went to work with him in the shop and here
he learned the printer's trade. He handset type,
locked up forms, took proofs and did all the
other odd jobs around the shop of the average
printer's devil. His father was a hard teacher
and he learned the trade well. In the evening
he went to a private school where he learned
the English language. All the pupils in this
school were of his own age or older and he
had none of the trials that usually fall to
the lot of an immigrant boy who is put into
a class of children younger and much smaller
than himself. I remember in some other interview
I was told that such school experience was
one of the hardest trials America had to offer
the young foreigner. Joseph escaped this but
he thinks it would have been better if he had it.
It is his opinion that the quicker the newcomer
becomes Americanized - used to America and
completely at his ease here - the better and

brought Joseph out to San Francisco to see the world's Fair. At the Fair, he says, the Sunday Edition of a local daily was being printed. It was here he began to realize there was a great deal to the printing business he did not know - so he decided to stay in San Francisco. This decision was prompted also by the fact that he was free for the first time in his life of the direct domination of his father - he was on his own and he liked it. San Francisco he liked very much - he felt more at home; more at ease. In all the cases - or at least a great majority of them that I have interviewed this similar fact has been brought out. San Francisco has a way of being friendlier to the newcomer especially the foreigner than most cities.

In spite of his father's protests he got a job in a small printing shop and stayed here. He says that at this time he was very ambitious - he saved every cent he could toward the day he could buy a shop



where the Anglo-Saxon supremacy myth held full sway. It didn't take long to see that Joseph and his newspaper were sort of taboo. His father was with him and his uncle and his wife's brother just over from Italy. The farmers for miles around who were of his native land made his shop a sort of head quarters. The paper was printed mostly for them - and the town being what it was - this was financial suicide. A strange thing about Joseph Sr., was this. In San Francisco he had seemed to me typically American - in that little California town he seemed to have just come over from the old country. No doubt it was mostly due to the many old country people he had gathered around him.

Editing Joseph's newspaper was something of a trial. As usual I found out who were the Big Bugs of the town, the social leaders, the Chamber of Commerce, etc., and started playing for their favor. The first two or three weeks the advertisements tripled themselves

of his own. At first he had the idea that he would establish a little newspaper of his own for his country men in this city. But there was too much opposition - and another factor rose that prevented it. While in New York his life had been exclusively in among his own people. In San Francisco it was just the opposite. He was on his own and was thrown into contact only with those who had been born and raised here. All his friends were Americans. San Francisco, he says, Americanized him.

It was about this time he went to school at night and learned to operate a Linotype machine. Good operators were in demand and he got a job with a local daily and punched out type for three years. It was while sitting at the key board of his machine that the idea grew that he could make a success of a small newspaper of his own - preferably a country weekly. In 1919 he bought into a little country weekly in the Sacramento valley. He was then ^{three} ~~twenty~~ years old. The venture was a

failure and in 1921 he was back in San Francisco pounding out galleys for a weekly. It was at this time I met him. I took over the editorship of the weekly. Joe was working on from "Spice" Slattey, and old San Francisco sports writer. Slattey, by the way, was the one who originated the word "jazz" in spite of the claims made by the supporters of sundry orchestra leaders.

Joseph D., at this time was a typical American. I never thought of him as anything else. I'm American for eleven years - he acted and talked as though he had been born here. He spoke perfect English and though in his life he had had little schooling he was very well educated. In fact he was linotype educated. From sitting at the key board of a machine punching out galleys from all kinds of copy his mind had absorbed what amounted to a liberal education. Very liberal! The fact that he had owned and edited his own newspaper made him a bit trying at times

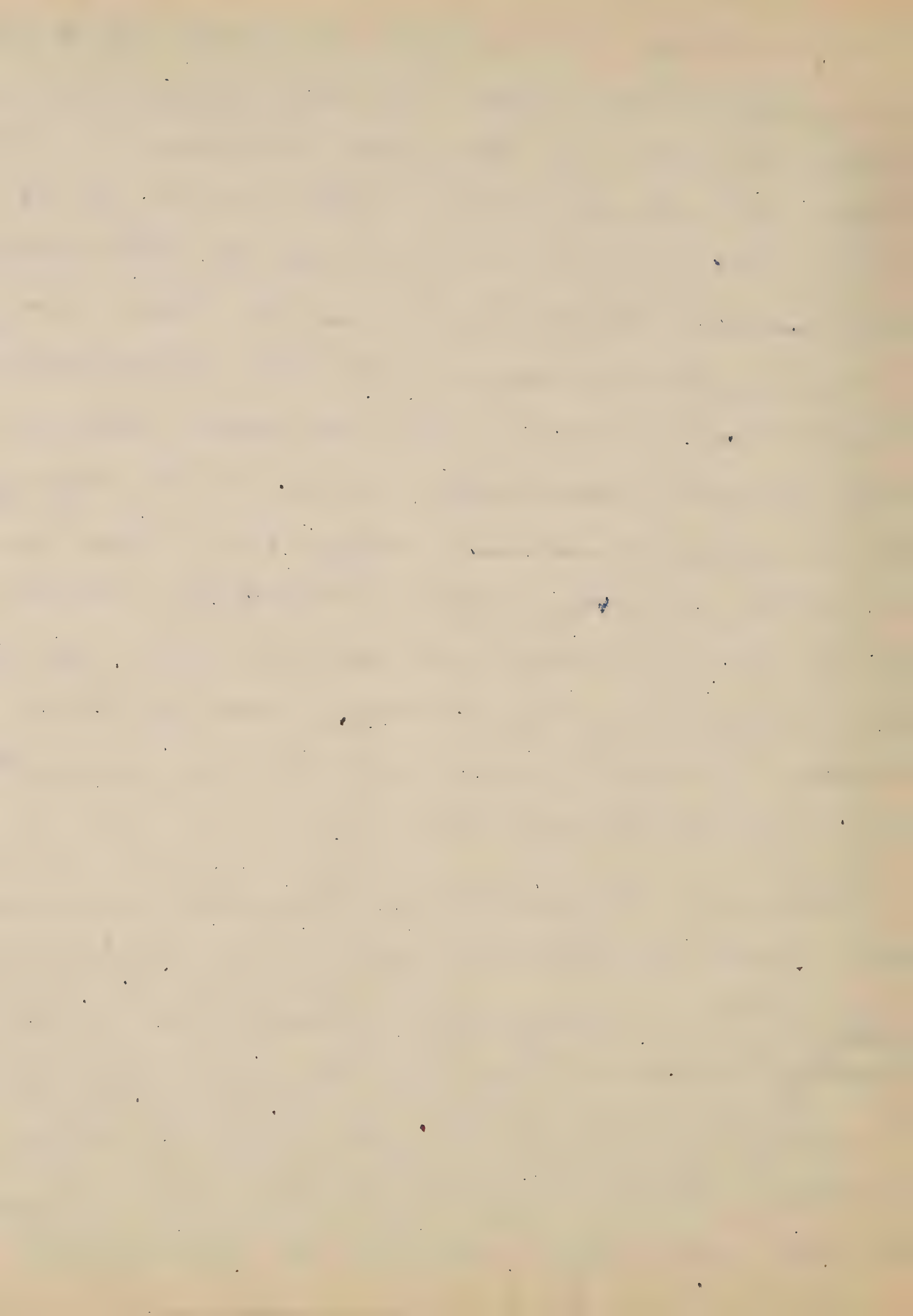
in his desire to edit any and all copy that came to his machine. When this was straightened out he pruned himself a very fine printer - in fact looking back over all the printers I have known I hand the palm to Joseph, Jr., for speed and accuracy.

In 1925 Joseph got married and promptly bought out a weekly newspaper in central California and moved there. This determination of his to own and edit his own newspaper has always puzzled me. He would have been better off financially to have kept at a well paid job. Later, in his case, I came to see that though he had seemingly become a typical American yet he did not understand Americans. I wonder if it doesn't take a generation or two to have the American viewpoint develop.

In 1927 I received a letter from him offering me a good salary to come down and edit his sheet. I had a good deal of courtesy weekly experience so I accepted. I should have stayed home. The town was a place

and things looked fairly good. But then Joseph's friends began to stay away from the shop complaining there was no news in the paper of interest to them. This was a good thing but Joseph couldn't see it that way. He insisted that his friends be taken care of - columnally speaking - and soon the sheet was just drifting along. The end came when an old, West side wheeler - wise in the ways of the newspaper business - stepped in - took over a little printing shop - played for the favor of the town leaders and ran his paper up to a twenty four page weekly inside of three months. Joseph sold out his equipment and came back to San Francisco.

During the past week I visited Joseph in Oakland. He is working there temporarily in a little printing shop - four hours a day, ^{setting up} ~~typing~~ restaurant menus, bank statements, etc. I asked him if he thought the fact that he had been born in a foreign country had anything to do with his failure in the newspaper



ventures. He replied that one of the main reasons for his failures was that he knew only life in American cities - and he had made the mistake of going to small towns to start his papers. There was no other reason for this, aside from financial ones, but that he had lived in a small town in Italy and he liked small towns. But he admitted that when he started his sheets he was not Americanized as much as he thought. His was a sort of synthetic Americanism gained through the labor he performed. What the people wanted, what they would stand for, what reject - he says he thought he knew but didn't. Anyway he was young - he merely overreached himself. He knows better now and if he ever has the chance again he will make a success of a paper.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

140 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO,

C.E. FLEAGER
ASSISTANT VICE PRESIDENT

It is traditional duty for a newspaper to be possessed of at least one office idiot or clown. This fester is expected to run errands, distribute papers or serve as bait for the cruel fests of the swashbucklers in the city room. The subject of this composition is at present a firmly established clown for one of San Francisco's morning papers. For our purpose to give an account of his life before he fell prey to Punter's Ink.

Our subject is Mr "M". Mr "M" could be called Italian since he was born in Italy. His birthplace on the island of Sicily was famous for its successors submissives to Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Norman and the rest of the warrior hordes! Mr "M" has a face that could be called Neanderthalic, his grimly clamped jaw and flattened nose altogether in no fashion his small eyes glittering with an animal lust. Nature decided to go whole Hog in the case of Mr "M" — his gait is half feminine and half weary and his extra long arms hang to his knees — his walk closely resembles a parody.

The reader is to assume that we now have Mr "M" safely out of Sicily and with us in San Francisco. Mr "M" with his unattractive features and his ungainly deportment — a Mr "M" destined to be without the grace of women and a Mr "M" maddeningly ambitious and hungry for education.

It is in the realm of letters that M^r M^r achieves a peculiar position.

His early years are spent in & frantic efforts to make himself acceptable to his playmates and elders, in a boylike anxiety to please.

He failed to please generally.

After his grammar school period he got a job selling newspapers and attended night school. He remained in night school for ~~seventeen~~ seventeen years.

His contact with newspapers was fatal. Once that he was fashioned for a newspaper career he made life unbearable for city editors. His school mates in a spirit of crime yet nominate and elect him president of the student body. As president he feels it his duty to write letters to the white House and to senators and governors. His time in office is overt to his taste and by dint of supreme effort he manages to acquire enough money to file for candidacy as a supervisor.

This was the cue for the comedy to unfold. The managers of the editorials would encourage his political ambitions, insert snare stories in the paper and arrange for debates with rival candidates.

Overcome with gratitude our hero does every thing in his power to help his republican friends. His equanimity can be seen stooping under

3 the weight of camera equipment, running after reporters with lighted matches for cigarettes, collecting damage figures from fire chiefs and countless service self appointed tasks.

During the long night watches, he crouches at a typewriter, his forehead wrinkled in concentration effort, pounding vigorously at the keys.

Election found him a loser with about fifty votes to his credit. He is persuaded that a conspiracy exists against him and is made to demand a recount. All to the accompaniment of hours of constant laughter.

Unemployed and penniless he is allowed to sleep on an office desk for a few hours each night - forced to enter and leave each room as an inmate for a longer or shorter time. To go hungry for hours -

But to the "M" this is all right. Isn't he the friend and boon companion of the reporters from the city desk to the sporting club - and what splendid fun most he can get off when the city editor looks down from his position and begins to argue with him.



Joseph Magliano - Born Naples Italy.

His father was a blacksmith in the old country and he also learned the trade from him. At the age of twenty-two he came to America because he thought that conditions would be much better. He was fortunate in obtaining employment at once and has never been out of work in all the twenty years he has been in this country. He has never seen a theater or show of any kind and his only recreation is a game of bocce, similar to our game of croquet. He has built himself a fine home for his wife and family and his only daughter was married to a son of the owner of the house. His wife has been working at a laundry for the past fifteen years at the back of the house. He has created a small shop where he does odd jobs for the neighbors. During the winter when grapes

an being working for wine he spends
all his evenings going from one place to
another with his cooking machine. He
admits being well off but he doesn't love
to work but says he wouldn't have what
to do unless he worked. Asked if he
thought it wasn't be better for himself
and beneficial to someone else if he
retired. He replied to the effect that he
was still capable of many years work and
saw no reason to let someone else have his
job. He evidently has not been affected by
any slump in business and doesn't seem
to grasp the seriousness of the economic
crisis. Altho he is a citizen he has never
cast a vote. Seems to be content in his
way and has no desire to return to Italy.

Spring
#7507

The train passed on the Tropic steamer,
making several trips to Port Moresby and on
back to the Port of New Moresby.

By the way, I mention, that the steamer was
brought down four years, and was then destroyed
with great loss of property.

After leaving the river, it is a matter of time, I think,
before, with persons, and made several trips to
the coast, going up as much as possible as he
could in the meantime. Because he had made
up his mind after the voyage to have a place
that would be the most pleasant to visit.
He returned a great number of times, and in the
course of his first trip.

He said that he had a great time, and that the
the machine was a lot better than the one he had
on board before a lot of trouble was done.

Had not stay long in New York, but came on
to Chicago, where he had some trouble, and then
got the lake steamer at his disposal. From
Chicago quite a distance to him. That was all

on a new one for him. I have not all the time
I have

Atkinson, could have been to see him, but
it did not take him long to find out that
they found it pretty tough going on the boat. He
had fairly steady for several days and was
able to get a little of his business done
before he went to his mother.

He said he would accept of a job on
the Pacific, and had been in the
and is now a full fledged citizen, and
also the English language, and is
speaking a good deal of it (not American but of
the kind) travelers of the English kind
is married and has two children, both girls.
They live on both sides, in a fine room
flat, always furnished, with all the conveniences
of a hotel, especially sea food.

He is perfectly content, and looks forward to
the day when he will ask to bring his mother
here, as his father has done so.

It will not be long now until he will have an interest
in a new business. This man is all that is
to be seen.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, written diagonally in the upper right corner.

Biography of Mr. C. P. by: M. Rixoli

446

Mr. C. P. is 35 years of age married with two children. I was born the 10 September 1900 in Bibiana province of Cuneo Italy. My father was a mechanic working for the Fiat auto factory in Turin he died in 1909. My mother still live she is living in Bibiana, she has a laundress.

In my youth I went to school but only to the second class of the elementary. When my father died I was 9 years of age, and I was compelled to go to work for the relative of my mother in Bricherasio province of Turin helping them to take care of the cattle they owned; my wages was of lire 15 plus board and room and some close a year (the lira then was worth 20¢. American money).

I worked for them until 1912 when I migrated from farm to farm as helper until 1917. I didn't like such live but could get no other work, finally I found work in the "Officine meccaniche Of Pinerolo" (mechanical factories) a small enterprise I remained there until 1918 when I had to enlist in the royal army. In the army they assigned me to the 34th regiment infantry. I was in the war zone but I didn't participate in the fight; there I was building trenches, transporting ammunitions, building road, ecc. In March 1919 I was discarded and I went to work as bartender in the coffee shop "Caffè delle tre stelle" (Three stars coffee shop) in Bricherasio province of Turin and I remained there until 1920. Then I went to Turin and I worked in the same trade at the "Caffè della bilancia" (Scale coffee shop) until 1923. In 1923 I came to the U.S.A. with the ship "Bonte Verde" and I landed the 12 of October in New York.

11

I first worked as dish washer in New York for four months; i didnt liked and i went to Liberty Pennsylvania to work in a coal mine until 1928.

In 1926 i got married with an irish young woman and in 1927 she gave birt to a son and in 1930 she gave birt to a girl. Then i went to Pittsburg Pennsylvania and i started to work as a cook i remained there until 1931. In 1931 my wife got ill and the doctor said that it was necessary to change climate and we came to San Francisco. In San Francisco I am working as cook, I have my childrens helty as well as my wife, but poor because my wages is only \$25 a week.

L 488

Subject: Italian man.

Born in 1877 in Southern Italy. His parents had a small olive farm. His mother kept house and helped with the chores about the farm such as feeding the chickens etc. She died in 1908 and his father married again. There were five children of the second marriage and only one lived, the four having died of malnutrition. They were Catholic and there was no food they depended on the church for it. He was a farm laborer in Italy. Very little pay. Friends of his were in America and liked it so much he was encouraged to come here too. He landed in New York, went to Boston and thence to Maine where he worked as a pick and shovel laborer.

From Maine he went to Cincinnati where he worked as laborer on the Proctor and Gamble Railroad. He earned \$4.70 for a nine hour day. He contracted a social disease in Cincinnati, went to a doctor for treatment, thinks he is cured now.

Came to San Francisco ~~4/8/17~~ 2½ years ago and has not worked since although he wants a job very much. He has been living on his savings of which he has about \$800. left. He had nothing much when he came to this country. Thinks this is the finest government in the world. He can neither read nor write. Not naturalized.

Leon D. Carson

5FH 23

PAUL RADIN PAPERS: SERIES I/ITALIANS

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XXVII 2f Italians

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